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phantasy, unsupported by history or etymology. I have also to mention that the extent he gives to the territory of this tribe is too great, for it never comprised the one-fourth part of the present county of Donegal, or any part of Armagh.

But I am exceeding the space allowed me for this article, and must defer the remaining examples till next number.

LETHE: AN ALLEGORY.

BY J. U. U.

Has it e'er crossed thy fancy to explore
The mystery of that old forgetful river
In which the Shade, permitted to renew
Its servitude to clay, went down to drink
Oblivion of itself and all it was:
A dread completion of the work of Death!

Now lend a patient hearing, and I'll tell thee
—Thou wilt receive it as a wayward dream—
The course of this old river. Know it glides
Beneath thy steps, with lapse invisible,
For but by glimpses mortals may behold it;
And these seem far too glorious for one thought
Of dull oblivion ever to intrude
On the rapt vision. Not a shadow there
From gloomy Hades clouds the living light
That glances gaily down the rippling stream.
But past description's power, 'tis loud and bright
With trumpet voices, and with silken sails
Full-blown with Fortune's breath; while from the bank
Hope lifts her siren strain, and bids them speed
For ever on to happy isles afar.
And every ripple teems with springing thoughts—
In one sense faithful to the Samian's creed—
A constant iteration of old fancies
As if the wise and fools of time came back
With their old dreams: forgetful of experience.
There system swells on system, bubbles gay,
Conventions, empires, powers, authorities,
Song's intellectual fabric, pictures, modes,
Those myriad lights, the glory and the glitter
Which make that current gaily beautiful.
And so it rolls, in its magnificence
Tumbling and sparkling up into the sun
Like an eternal thing: buoyant and bright
Beneath the airs of Heaven that murmur mirth
And hope, and life, and pauseless interest.
While on its living course no spot is seen
That is not far too bright and glorious
For the approach of grim decay, or that
More mighty and more terrible shadow Death
To find a cave to lurk in.

. Thou wilt say,
This is not Lethe, whose dull waters glide
Sunless among the silent fields of death,
Oblivion's formless valley. Yet attend—
Mark well the course of each bright-crested wave:—
As it rolls by, the gallant barks it bore
Are vanished, and have left no trace, as if
They never had existence. Though for ever
New shadows fast emerge into the Sun
(So like the last, that scarce one notes the change),
And take a look of immortality,
Incredulous of the Past, blind to the Future;
Not knowing whence they come, from what they are,
Or whither tend. Alas, the stream
With all that went before, is lost below
In dim Oblivion's world: It were a dream
Most fleeting and fantastic, were there not
A chain of awful consequence that binds
What has been, with what must be. Death and Life,
The Past, the Present, and the Future, are
But names bestowed on one perpetual stream,
In different provinces beneath the Crown
Of Him who is the source from whence all comes
And to whom all returns—we see no more
But as the gazer from some narrow bridge
Looks down upon the waters, when beneath
They come from far, and so pass, and are gone.

THE DOMESTIC MAN.—There is no being of the masculine gender whom "the sex" so heartily despise as the domestic man. He is an anomaly—a sort of half-way house between the sexes—a concentration of weaknesses—a poor dribble of humanity—a vile caudle-drinker—an auditor of laundress's bills—an inquisitor of the nursery—a fellow that likes his bed warmed, and takes note of the decay of carpets—a reader of works on "cookery" and a "treatise on teething"—a pill bolter—a man that buys his wife's gowns and his children's dresses—a scolder of maid-servants—a frequenter of the kitchen—a person who can tell you the price of treacle, and how long a poor should last—a gazer at butchers' windows—a consumer of ginger wine—a slop eater—a market visitor—a tea maker—Faugh! He looks like the aborigine of a bed-room. He is lean and bilious—delights in black gaiters and a brown greatcoat. He gives his little bandy-legged child a walk in the Park, where he is taken for a brother of one of the nursery maids in delicate health. He entertains his visitors with his discoveries of the tricks of bakers and the machinations of grocers—*ennuis* them to death with long stories about bad bread, and "coffee without adulteration." He always knows what is to be for dinner, what remains in the larder—and employs his gigantic intellect in considering the best mode of cooking it. He is naturally fretful and peevish, and in cold weather has a helplessness of aspect peculiar to himself. These men never look like Englishmen. They never acquire that manly bluff appearance which is the character of our nation. God knows what is the matter with them, but they always seem out of sorts. Their features are sharp—their voices are effeminate, and they are nearly all of them "troubled with colds." The business of life with them is to regulate the affairs of housekeeping—their tastes, habits, thoughts, and rivalries, are womanish. Their conversation is about "poor Mrs" this, and "poor Lady" that—antiquated matrons, with whom they occasionally compare notes in matters of condolence—yet who have enough of the spirit of their sex in them to despise their male coadjutor, and in their souls they think "poor Mr" so-and-so the greatest bore alive. They are always complaining; if not positively unwell themselves—a case of rare occurrence—some of their family is sure to be so—or, if all that should fail, then, at least, a dish has been broken, and there is always a number of standing grievances ready to be produced when occasion requires. "Well, heaven help them!" as Shakspeare says, "for they are sad fools." They live a long time, these fellows, but they die at last—all the pills and possets in the world will not avert death. The passenger who sees the hearse and mutes, thinks some rational being has died—the stranger, who reads the tombstone, thinks that a *man* moulders below. But are they deceived? We think so.—COURT GAZETTE.

PETRARCH'S OPINION OF MONEY.—He who expends it properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolator.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

Many an acknowledged truth was once a controverted dogma; the basis of every science has been considered a fundamental error.

Truth is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to issue in a few words.—*Spectator*.

Let us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated, or at the time expected.

George II., being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's speech, replied, that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he *understood* either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

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